

"Did you mean it?" Rose asks.

The Doctor has his hands full of Belvan interlock cabling and an 87th-century pencil fuser, so he doesn't look up from the workbench when Rose walks into the room. "Mean what?" he asks, running the fuser around a six-way join.

He's so absorbed, he barely notices her pause. "When you told me I had fantastic breasts," she says, quietly.

It's so entirely not a question he's expecting at that moment that he almost drops the fuser. He turns it off and sets the mess of cabling on the workbench. "Do you really have to a--" He stops abruptly as he turns and sees her. She's wearing a short skirt he recognizes and high-heeled shoes, and mostly wearing a red bustier with black lace trim along the top. She rather looks like she might pop out of it if she sneezes. The effect is unintentional, but not unappealing. Quite the opposite. He automatically tries to suppress the way he reacts to her, and fails. Ridiculous. Time Lords don't have to be subject to such things. It's undignified.

Just as well he'd lost any hope of dignity when he came up with the ears on this regeneration. Preparing him for the future, they were.

Rose fills the silence by saying, "You were following Jack's lead, so I wasn't sure . . . if maybe you really wanted . . . " She trails off, blushing a little as he stares.

"Take off your shirt, Rose," he remembers. "You have fantastic breasts. I want you to play with them while I watch."

It's an invitation, though the Doctor's not sure exactly what kind. She may be blushing, but her pheromones flavor the air with her arousal. "Did you want that?" he asks, surprised when he hears his voice half an octave lower than usual in his own ears.

She looks down, seems to decide that's a mistake, and tentatively lifts her eyes. "I don't know," she says. "Thought maybe I'd find out, instead of daydreaming and woolgathering when we're dodging catapult-shots of alien goo." She blushes more, no doubt remembering the moment that would have ended up with her covered in the caustic stuff if he hadn't yanked her out of the way.

He grins as he finally understands what's had her wits wandering for the past week. She looks away. He crosses the few feet between them and lays a hand on her shoulder. She shivers. "What do I do with you, Rose Tyler?" he wonders, letting whimsy color his voice. He's never really known what to do with Rose. She resists all attempts at direction, determined to do what she wants to do and grow as she wants to grow,

and the results are fantastic.

She looks back up at him and shrugs. Her breasts follow the motion, her bustier hiding almost nothing.

But not quite as it should do. "You know, it's not meant to be worn like that," he says. She shakes her head a little, not following. He runs his thumb down over her collarbone and along the curve of one breast. She's watching his face as he slips his fingers into the bustier's low cup and draws out everything she's tucked down so hard, settling it where it wants to sit. She bites her lip and stands still for him as he lifts the other breast, the nipple hard in his hand. It leaves the line of the bustier just below her nipples, the stiff lace along the top brushing them and pointing out more than it conceals. "That's better," he says.

She swallows, never looking away. "Yes, Doctor," she says, breathily.

He shouldn't allow this. The difference in their ages is so great, it stops mattering, but the difference in experience, in confidence, in control . . . She's not had enough time to grow into herself, the way Jack has. He could run roughshod over her.

He looks into her eyes. Aroused, yes . . . and determined. There's nothing timid or uncertain about Rose's approach. She's always had a habit of keeping up with him, just because no one ever told her she can't.

He rolls one of her nipples between his fingertip and thumb. She makes a small noise. "If you want to do this, Rose, go find Jack and tell him he can watch." She stiffens a little--for all she's been sharing a bed with both of them, when she stops to think about it, she's still not very comfortable being watched. "Just like this," he adds, "no . . . rearranging anything." He looks down where her nipples poke at the lace. "You're perfect like this. Go get Jack, and then come to the bedroom."

He half-expects she'll walk away. He almost wants her to. Her breath shivers out of her in a sigh. She says, "Yes, Doctor."

It's not an invitation Jack's going to turn down, and he has to admit, he'd love to have seen the look on the Doctor's face when Rose propositioned him this way. There's no doubt in Jack's mind that it was Rose's idea. He hadn't meant it to draw a reaction when he'd got the Doctor to help him, well, demonstrate, but he'd seen her react, nonetheless. It was real and it was something she didn't understand, and Rose learned to understand things by doing.

And if it gave him an excuse to watch her arse in that very short skirt as he followed her to their bedroom, who was he to complain?

The bedroom door stands open. Rose slips inside and stands awkwardly by the bed. There's a straight-backed chair sitting beside her that wasn't there earlier. The Doctor's leaning back against a wall with his hands in his pockets, watching them come in with his eyes gone dark. Could be desire, could be worry--knowing the Doctor, it could be both: The Time Lord thinks too much. Jack tries not to grin and takes a seat in the armchair in the corner of the room.

"Sit in the chair, Rose," the Doctor says. Rose sits. She's not really yielding, not really taking his direction because she wants to, it's more like a challenge she won't back away from, and that might not go well. Jack frowns a little. There's an amused note in the Doctor's voice when he says, "With your legs spread apart, if you please." She swallows and spreads her legs so her feet are to both sides of the chair legs. That's a little better, and Jack can see she's turned on from here, thanks to the peep show her nipples are putting on behind the bustier's stiff lace. "Lift your skirt," The Doctor says. He pushes away from the wall and walks silently around the foot of the bed to face her. Silently, because he's shed his boots already. Rose watches him, her fingers finding the hem of her skirt. "Slowly," he adds. "I want to see how much you want this."

It's a serious turn-on to watch Rose draw her skirt up her thighs, exposing herself for the Doctor, who draws a fingertip very lightly along the dark pink line between her legs. She whimpers a bit. Jack can't see the Time Lord's expression, but he pauses and sucks his fingertip clean. Jack shifts in his chair, trying to find some position in which his jeans aren't quite so uncomfortable. It's probably a lost cause.

The Doctor digs through his pockets for a moment and comes up with some small item Jack can't make out clearly from here. Rose's eyes fix on it. Her breath catches. "I remember that," she says, quietly.

"You do," the Doctor agrees, crouching down beside her. He lays the object over the soft curls between her legs and slides it down. Tendrils seem to writhe out from the almost fuzzy-looking form, latching onto sensitive bits of her and locking it in place over her clit. Her lover manipulates something on the toy itself and Rose shudders. "You were made for pleasure, Rose. Don't fight it."

She moans softly. "Whose bright idea was it to make a sonic sex toy?" she squeaks.

Jack smothers a laugh. Well, mostly. The Doctor gives him a dirty look, but a grin plays at the corner of the Time Lord's lips. "Enough of that," he says to Rose.

She whimpers, her hips twitching helplessly. "Sorry, Doctor," she

manages. He tugs and pinches at her nipples and watches her squirm at close range. When she comes, helplessly, her back arching against the hard chair, the look on his face is rapt. It could be enough to inspire jealousy, except Jack's seen it aimed at both of them often enough since they became lovers. As her orgasm subsides, Rose gives the Doctor a pleading look.

"Lovely," the Doctor says. "But you'd look better over my knee." Rose shivers. "I know Jack's spanked you at least once." Just the once, actually. She'd never admitted to liking or not liking it. Jack rather thought she'd been too embarrassed to admit she might have enjoyed it. "I'd like to feel your skin warm under my hand as you came in my lap. Would you like that, Rose?"

Tension's building in Rose's body again. Jack wonders if she knows she's rocking slowly against the chair. "Yes, Doctor," she whispers.

She's not sure it hurts, but it does sting, and it's a little shocking each time the Doctor's hand comes down on her flesh. It's worse that she's on display with her arse up in the air, but the Doctor's lap feels very stable under her belly and thighs, and she finds herself relaxing against him as he sits in the chair she's so recently vacated.

The sting starts to be just one more sensation in a host of other sensations as she writhes in his lap. Part of her's just humiliated as she pushes into the tingle of the--vibrator? And when did the Doctor find time to be buying sex toys? She hates feeling like her body's gone traitor and she can't control it, but the Doctor's told her not to fight it, and she can hear his voice telling her how she looks under his hand, how hot it is to see her helpless with pleasure, how much he wants to see her come . . . and just like that, she does.

The second time's easier, and the third, though there's beginning to be a warm ache in her bum to go along with the sting. By the fourth time, he's just running his fingertips over her skin, and it's . . . amazing. She's gone mostly to jelly when he tells her to stand up.

She tries. She honestly does, but she's having a bit of trouble getting her knees to hold her weight and ends up kneeling on the floor beside him, instead. The height's not bad, but the angle's not good--she works her way around in front of him, wondering if she should just unzip his trousers or ask, first. "Doctor," she whispers, "I want . . ."

He reaches down and takes her chin in his hand, and suddenly, Rose can't breathe. Her heart's going a million miles a minute. She freezes, and she can't think what to tell him, except Jack's lecture on safe words comes to mind and she knows she's been stupid, and the Doctor's letting go of her chin even as she squeaks, "Jackie Tyler!"

Jack has no memory of crossing the room, he just knows he has Rose in his arms and the Doctor's three feet away from her. She's clinging to him and calming down. "Shh. Shh, it's okay, Rose. Are you with me?"

"Yeah," she says, her voice still a little high. "Yeah. Sorry, I . . . Wow. I didn't know I was goin' to do that." She looks over his shoulder. "Sorry, Doctor," she says, reaching out a hand for their partner.

The Doctor folds both of them into his arms. "Shame on you, Doctor," Jack says, keeping his voice dryly amused, because that's so much more productive than saying, "*I didn't realize I fell for idiots.*"

"I know," the Doctor says. "I know."

"Wasn't thinkin'," Rose said. "I knew the Doctor'd never hurt me. I never realized . . ." Jack strokes her back as she tries to verbalize what the Doctor'd just touched off, unwittingly.

"Doesn't matter," the Doctor said. "I should've insisted."

Jack kisses the nearest bit of each of his lovers that he can put his lips on and reaches between Rose's legs without ceremony to turn the sonic vibrator off. It comes away in his hand and he tosses it under the bed. "Hey, now, no good playing the blame-yourself game. It's almost as bad as the blame-each-other game. How 'bout we get off the floor, to spare Rose's knees, and try to figure out what went wrong, so it doesn't happen again."

"It won't," the Doctor says firmly, "because--"

"Don't you dare say we're not goin' to do this again," Rose interrupts. "Unless you really want not to."

"Enough," Jack says, trying to tug them both upward without letting go. He frees one hand and swats the Doctor's bum.

"Oi!" the Time Lord says, giving him an injured look. But he does get to his feet and then offers Rose a hand up.

Jack comes with her. "Onto the bed," he insists. "Nice, comfy place to cuddle Rose and make sure she picks a safe word. Because, no offense, Rose, but I don't ever want to think of your mother in this bedroom, ever again."

Rose smothers a little giggle, and even the Doctor smirks. She crawls onto the bed, no longer really conscious of her revealing clothing. She sits back against the headboard with the Doctor beside her, tucking her

into that spot beneath his arm where she seems to fit so well.

Jack sits cross-legged at her feet and undoes the buckles on her shoes. She gives him a little smile as he takes the heels off her feet and drops them beside the bed. "For some reason," she says, softly, "when you held my chin, Doctor, I was back with Jimmy Stone for a second. We were fighting. He grabbed me." The Doctor looks away. "Don't look like that," she says. "You couldn't have known. *I* didn't know." Jack takes one of her feet in his hands and starts rubbing it, gently. "And we've both grabbed Jack's chin like that."

"Which is why you need a safe word," Jack points out.

"I know," Rose says. "I was havin' fun up till then, so I'll think of one, later." She looks thoughtful. "I wanted . . . to please you, Doctor."

Jack's breath catches in his throat as he watches the Doctor lean over to kiss their lover's lips. "Rose," he says, softly, "everything about you pleases us."